IN THIS ISSUE: BUDDY GETS THE **ENTREPRENEURIAL BUG** AGAIN; INFOMMERCIAL MAVENS **CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES**; A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE WISELY AVOIDS **YOURS TRULY**; A PUFF PIECE ON **THE HOLLIES**; A PUFF PIECE ON **A BILLIONAIRE** AND **INTRODUCING LOVEY!**

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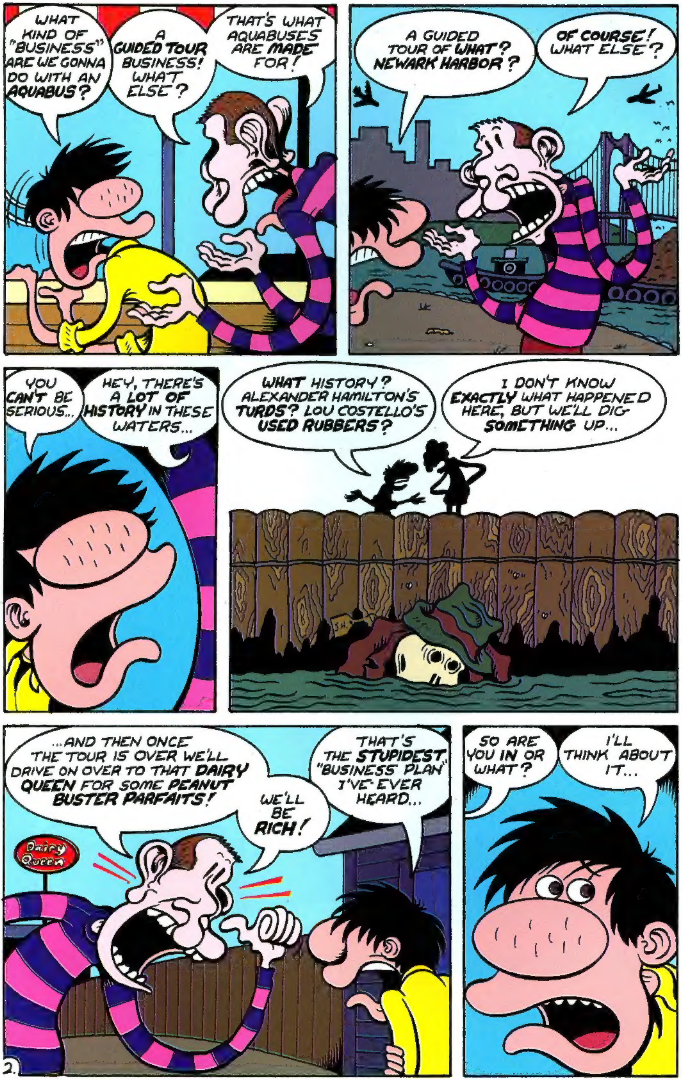
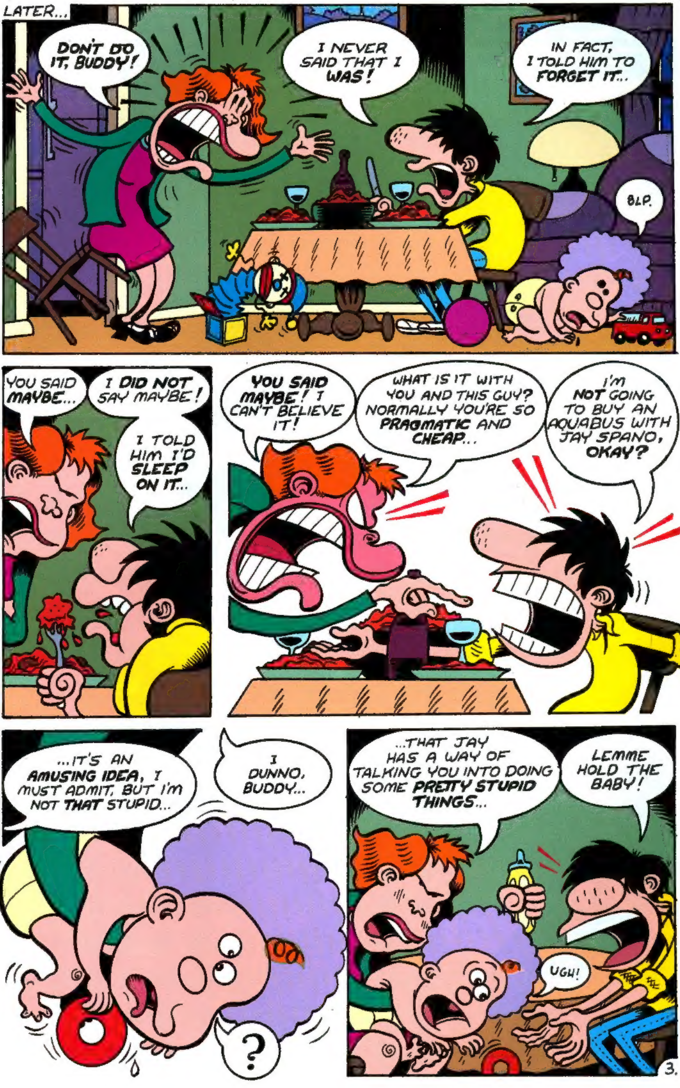
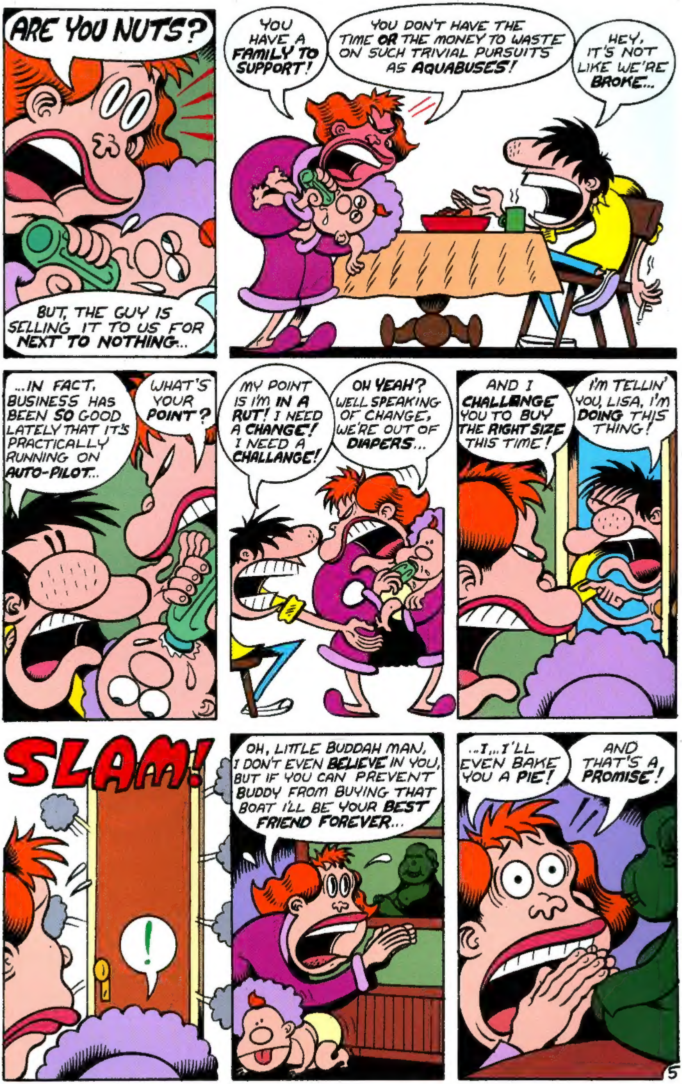
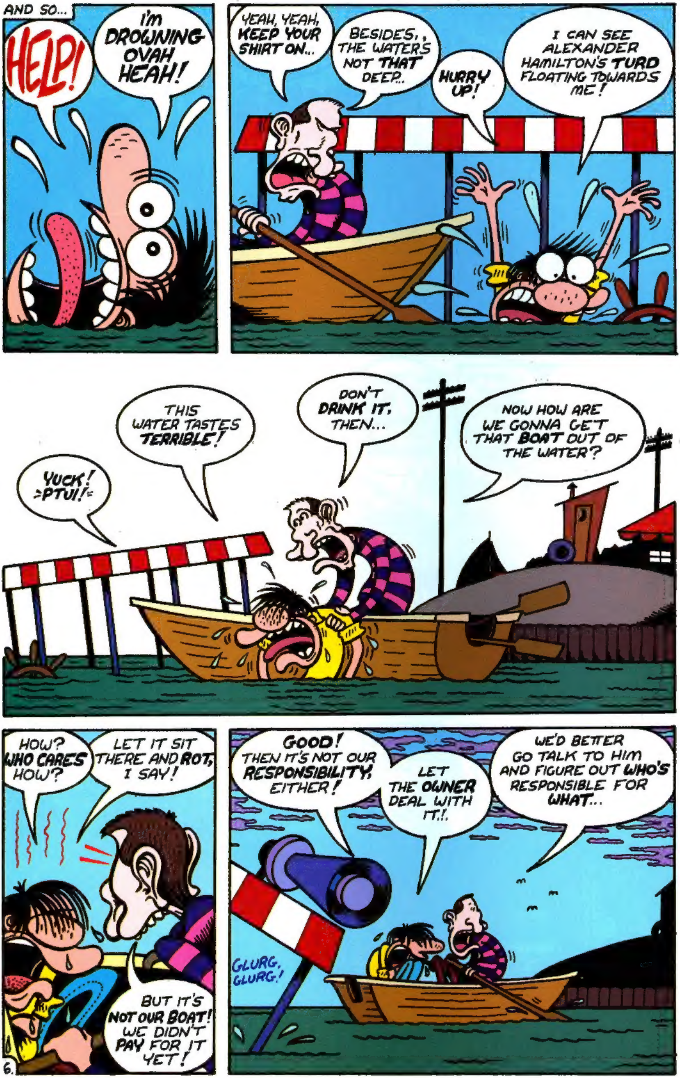

WHAT KIND OF "BUSINESS" ARE WE GONNA DO WITH AN AQUABUS?
A GUIDED TOUR BUSINESS! WHAT ELSE?
THAT'S WHAT AQUABUSES ARE MADE FOR!
A GUIDED TOUR OF WHAT? NEWARK HARBOR?
OF COURSE! WHAT ELSE?
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS...
HEY, THERE'S A LOT OF HISTORY IN THESE WATERS...
WHAT HISTORY? ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S TURDS? LOU COSTELLO'S USED RUBBERS?
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED HERE, BUT WE'LL DIG SOMETHING UP...
...AND THEN ONCE THE TOUR IS OVER WE'LL DRIVE ON OVER TO THAT DAIRY QUEEN FOR SOME PEANUT BUSTER PARFAITS!
Dairy Queen
WE'LL BE RICH!
THAT'S THE STUPIDEST "BUSINESS PLAN" I'VE EVER HEARD...
SO ARE YOU IN OR WHAT?
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT...
2.


LATER...
DON'T DO IT, BUDDY!
I NEVER SAID THAT I WAS!
IN FACT, I TOLD HIM TO FORGET IT...
BLP.
YOU SAID MAYBE...
I DID NOT SAY MAYBE!
I TOLD HIM I'D SLEEP ON IT...
YOU SAID MAYBE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU AND THIS GUY? NORMALLY YOU'RE SO PRAGMATIC AND CHEAP...
I'M NOT GOING TO BUY AN AQUABUS WITH JAY SPANO, OKAY?
...IT'S AN AMUSING IDEA, I MUST ADMIT, BUT I'M NOT THAT STUPID...
I DUNNO, BUDDY...
?
...THAT JAY HAS A WAY OF TALKING YOU INTO DOING SOME PRETTY STUPID THINGS...
LEMME HOLD THE BABY!
UGH!

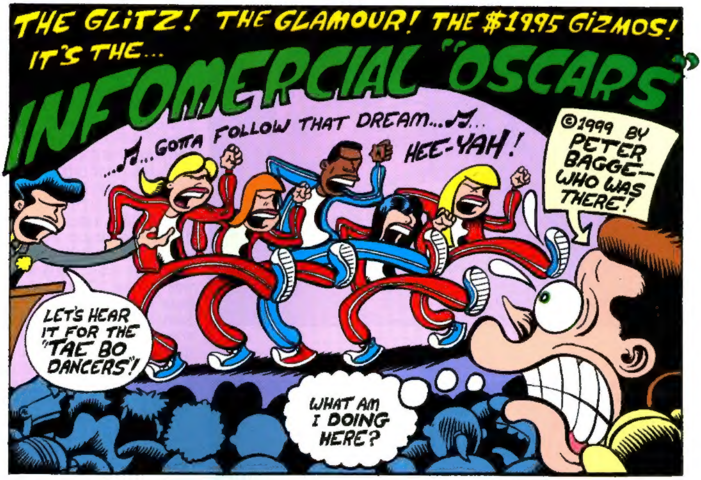
LATER STILL...
...TO YOUR LEFT IS THE BLUFF FROM WHICH ALEXANDER HAMILTON TOOK A GIANT TURD...
...AND HE THEN WENT ON TO BECOME OUR FIRST SECRETARY OF THE TRESURY!
WOW! YOU KNOW EVERYTHING, MISTER!
HE'S SO KNOWLEDGE-ABLE...
AND HE HAS A SPIFFY HAT!
THE ONLY WAY TO SEE NEWARK!
GUIDED TOURS
TELL US MORE ABOUT LOU COSTELLO!
I WANNA GO PAST THE SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT AGAIN!
IN DUE TIME, KIDDIES...
...BUT FIRST WE'RE HEADING OVER TO THE DAIRY QUEEN FOR SOME PEANUT BUSTER PARFAITS!
HOORAY!
SWOOSH!
TOOT! TOOT!
HEY BUDDY, COME HELP ME COUNT ALL THIS MONEY WE MADE!
POOF!
WOW! WHAT A WONDERFUL DREAM!
ZZZZZ...


ARE YOU NUTS?
BUT, THE GUY IS SELLING IT TO US FOR NEXT TO NOTHING...
YOU HAVE A FAMILY TO SUPPORT!
YOU DON'T HAVE THE TIME OR THE MONEY TO WASTE ON SUCH TRIVIAL PURSUITS AS AQUABUSES!
HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE BROKE...
...IN FACT, BUSINESS HAS BEEN SO GOOD LATELY THAT IT'S PRACTICALLY RUNNING ON AUTO-PILOT...
WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
MY POINT IS I'M IN A RUT! I NEED A CHANGE! I NEED A CHALLANGE!
OH YEAH? WELL SPEAKING OF CHANGE, WE'RE OUT OF DIAPERS...
AND I CHALLANGE YOU TO BUY THE RIGHT SIZE THIS TIME!
I'M TELLIN' YOU, LISA, I'M DOING THIS THING!
SLAM!
!
OH, LITTLE BUDDAH MAN, I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN YOU, BUT IF YOU CAN PREVENT BUDDY FROM BUYING THAT BOAT I'LL BE YOUR BEST FRIEND FOREVER...
...I...I'LL EVEN BAKE YOU A PIE!
AND THAT'S A PROMISE!


AND SO...
HELP!
I'm DROWNING OVAH HEAH!
YEAH, YEAH, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON...
BESIDES, THE WATER'S NOT THAT DEEP...
HURRY UP!
I CAN SEE ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S TURD FLOATING TOWARDS ME!
YUCK! PTUI!
THIS WATER TASTES TERRIBLE!
DON'T DRINK IT, THEN...
NOW HOW ARE WE GONNA GET THAT BOAT OUT OF THE WATER?
HOW? WHO CARES HOW?
LET IT SIT THERE AND ROT, I SAY!
BUT IT'S NOT OUR BOAT! WE DIDN'T PAY FOR IT YET!
GOOD! THEN IT'S NOT OUR RESPONSIBILITY, EITHER!
LET THE OWNER DEAL WITH IT!.
WE'D BETTER GO TALK TO HIM AND FIGURE OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT...
GLURG, GLURG!

LATER...
WHADAYA MEAN, WE HAVE TO PAY TO SALVAGE THE BOAT?!?
YOU SUNK IT, YOU PAY FOR IT.
BUT IT'S YOUR BOAT! ALL WE DID WAS TAKE IT FOR A TEST SPIN!
HOW WERE WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW IT DOESN'T FLOAT?
I WOULDA TOLD YOU IF YOU ASKED.
WHAT IF WE REFUSE TO SAVE IT? WHAT THEN?
FINE BY ME. THAT PIECE OF JUNK CAN STAY DOWN THERE FOR ALL I CARE.
I WANT THAT HAT!
BUDDY!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU HEARD HIM! IF HE'S WILLING TO LET IT ROT THEN SO AM I!
WE CAN'T LET IT ROT! THAT BOAT IS A GOLD-MINE!
IF WE BOTH CHIP IN TO HAVE IT TOWED WE COULD—
ARE YOU NUTS?! YOU WANT TO PAY TO SAVE THAT THING AND THEN BUY IT?
THAT BOAT DON'T FLOAT!
SO IT HAS A FEW LEAKS, SO WHAT?
AT THIS POINT THE GUY IS SURE TO GIVE US THE AQUABUS FOR FREE...
SO FOR A MERE TOWING FEE WE COULD...
OH BROTHER, HERE WE GO AGAIN...

SO, HOW'S YOUR NEW BUSINESS VENTURE STARTING OUT?
GOB!
I DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT IT.
PEE-YEW! YOU SMELL LIKE POOP!
WHAT HAPPENED?
THE AQUABUS SANK.
OH NO! SO...
SO JAY'S HAVING IT "DREDGED" AS WE SPEAK...
COSTS A FORTUNE, TOO...
OH NO...
L-LIKE, HOW MUCH OF A FORTUNE?
LIKE $500.
TWIST!
OH NO...
NOT THAT IT MATTERS TO ME, SINCE IT AIN'T MY AQUABUS...
—OH NO?
HELL NO! AND THE NEXT TIME I EVEN CONSIDER TALKING TO JAY DO ME A FAVOR AND SHOOT ME, OKAY?
YES!
I'M GONNA GO TAKE A BATH...
...MUMBLE GRIPE...
PAT PAT
BOP!
I OWE YOU A PIE, BIG GUY!
YUM!
PAT! PAT!



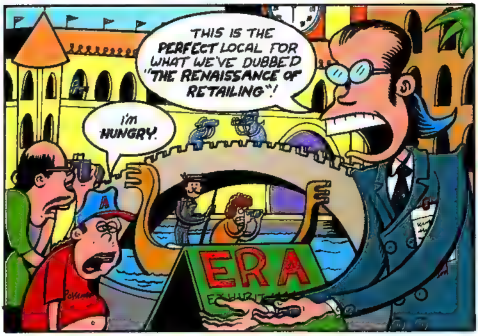
God, what a shrill, desperate place. Unless of course you ENJOY pissing your money away, in which case you can't beat it!

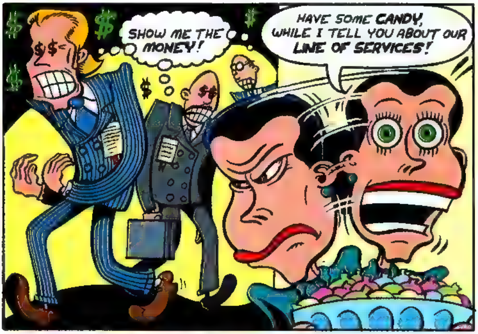
And what better setting for the snake oil salesmen of the new millennium to share their trade secrets at the annual "Electronic Retailer's Association (formerly the National Infomercial Members' Association)'s Conference and Expo"!

Everybody claims to hate them, nobody admits to watching them, yet SOMEBODY is keeping this ever-expanding, multi-billion dollar industry afloat!

Taking advantage of the psychology behind point-of-purchase "impulse" items that litter the checkout counters of retail stores, those same suckers seem just as willing to place an order for "impulse items" that cost $19.95 and up (as well as a year's worth of follow-up phone calls).

This year's ERA Expo was held at the strip's latest "crown jewel": The $1.6 billion Venetian Hotel! This massive labyrinth of a structure is JUST LIKE the famed





Italian city — only BIGGER and BETTER! It even has canals with gondolas winding past its 160 "shoppes" — as well as a town plaza with a FAKE SKY!

Just wait until the new "Paris" hotel down the street is complete — it'll be just like the French capital, only LESS RUDE!

Walk one block down Las Vegas Boulevard and you'll realize that P.T. Barnum was wrong: There's one born every millisecond! Just LOOK at all these sheep-like, gluttonous, infantile losers (and in this town the term "loser" applies literally)!

"The perfect locale" indeed! The sharks that make up the infomercial industry must be DROOLING when they walk down "The Strip"!

Once you're inside the ERA conference hall they're EVERYWHERE: Sun-tanned, Armani-suited alpha-males with slicked back hair — these guys live for only one thing: making as much money as possible, in ANY WAY possible. Infomercials? Why the hell NOT? Whatever it takes to keep their Lear Jet's gas tank full!

Their female counterparts are equally frightening, the way their cold, hard faces suddenly brighten as you approach their booths.

Broadcasting deregulation in 1984 is what made infomercials possible in the first place, and by 1990 this fledgling industry took off with a bang.

The gold rush was on, as all sorts of entrepreneurs — inventors, producers, directors, failed TV actresses — dove in head first to

take advantage of the fortune that could potentially made off all those credit card-wielding couch potatoes.

The people who've established themselves in this still young industry have since turned VERY button-down and conservative, and it shows. There's very little blatant hucksterism on display here; no muscle-bound studs demonstrating the New Solar-flex to a bunch of fatsos.

Let's face it: you can't con your fellow con men!

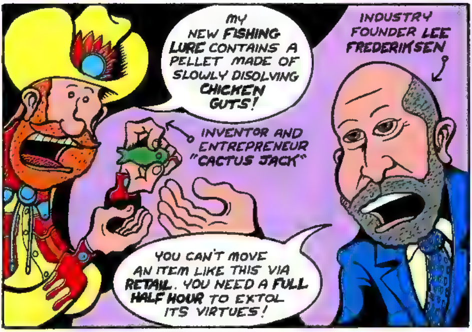
Human beings will invent ANY excuse to heap awards on one another, and this industry is no exception. Due to the tenuous "show biz" aspects of this business, the ERA tries to duplicate the feel of The Academy Awards ceremony as much as possible, complete with sappy music, far too many categories and a corny opening dance routine featuring a group of "Tae Bo Dancers."

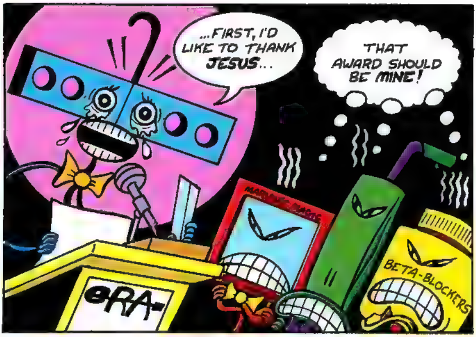
— And the STARS! One mustn't forget the Stars!

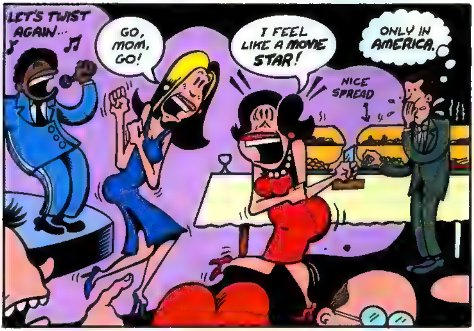
The infomercial for this latest exercise fad was by far the most financially successful of this past year, so the money-minded judges felt compelled to dump far too many awards on that ad's producers, as well as constantly kiss the ass of Tae Bo's oh-so-humble creator, Billy Blanks.

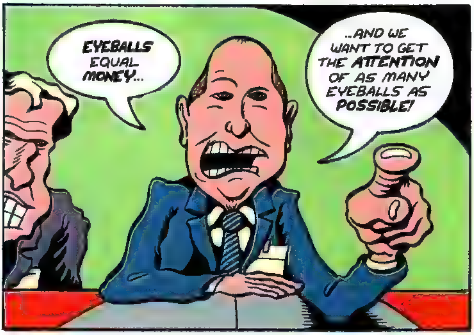
I'll take your money TOO, Billy! I'm a people too!

In a stunning "climax" worthy of the Daytime TV awards, the award for Best Infomercial of the Year went NOT to Tae Bo but to some contraption called the "Roto Zip









Spiral Saw"! The family who owns and markets this product were beyond thrilled, and they spent the rest of the night twisting along to singer Chubby Checker in celebration. No doubt about it: It was THEIR night to shine!

Yes, it's true that that commercial's producer SPONSORED the awards ceremony. So what's your point? It still was the entire weekend's only charming moment.

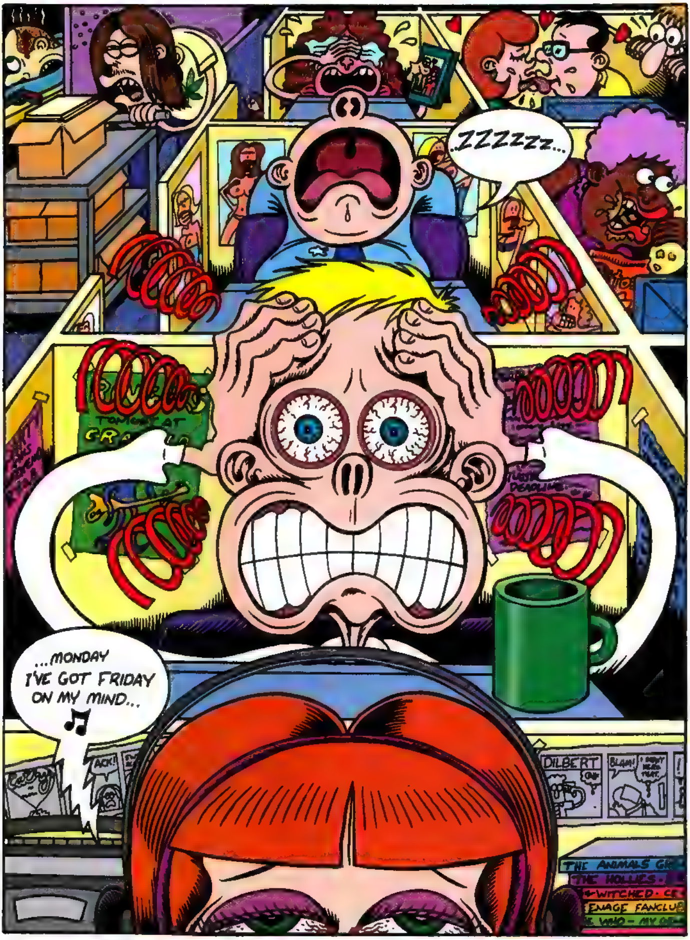
The most incomprehensible awards, however, were the ones given out to the products themselves! The winner for "Best Short-Form (60 seconds or less spot) Product" was this black, fold-out, space-saving hanger called "Hook and Hang." They gave an award to a HANGER!

I wonder if Marvin's Magic Drawing Board has gotten over the loss by now?

The future of this aggressive industry could be summed up in two words: THE INTERNET! Almost every panel discussion had to do with how to coerce web-surfers into typing out their credit cards numbers. Think about it: Each person staring at their computer screen at this moment means one LESS person ordering Richard Simmons' "Move, Groove and Lose" off of the TV set. You're costing them MONEY, dagnabbit!

As ERA Chairman, Industry Consultant and TV Producer ("America's Scariest Police Chases") Earl Greenberg told me: Hang on to your EYEBALLS, people!

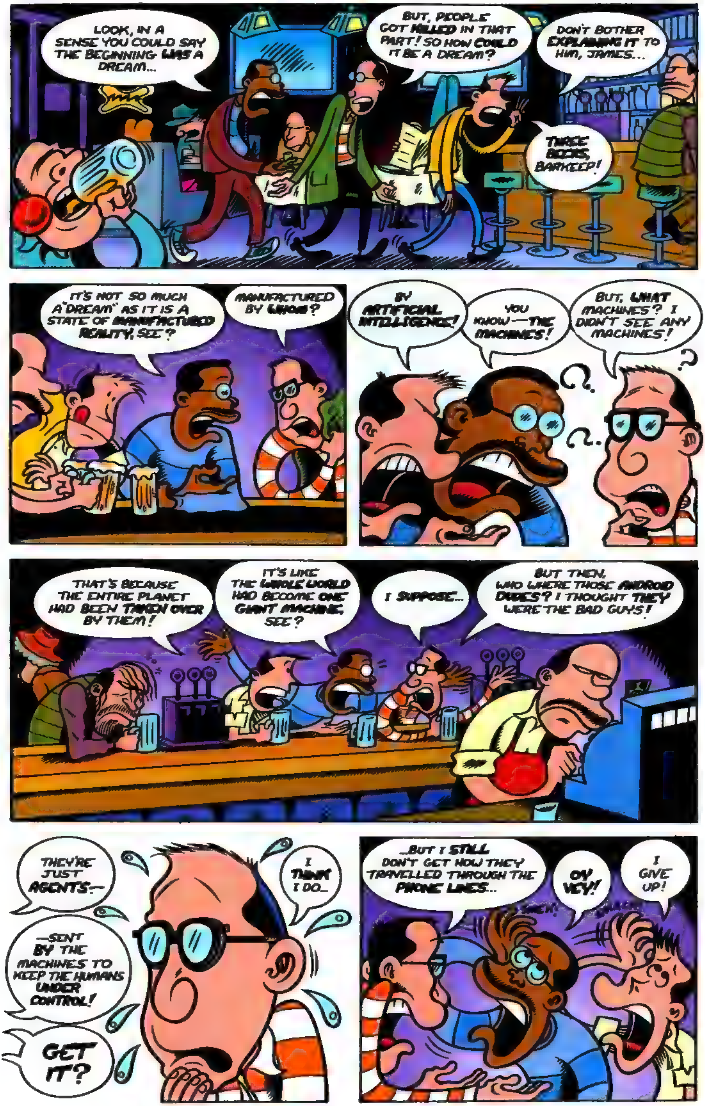
THE END



ZZZZzz...
...MONDAY I'VE GOT FRIDAY ON MY MIND...
DILBERT
THE ANIMALS
THE HOLLIES

¡NO!
EL DEPORTE ME DA UNA SED...
¡SÍ!
¡MÍRALOS! PANDILLA DE ANIMALES!
?
QUÉ PARTIDAZO, CHICOS... ZZZZ...
¡CALLAOS! ¡NO OIGO NADA!
¡GOOL!
...UH... ¿CON QUÉ EQUIPO VAMOS, ABUELO?
P. BAGGE ©2000

GET IT?
THE MATRIX 5
BABY GENIUSES
NOW PLAYING MATRIX
WOW! THAT WAS AWESOME!
THE MATRIX WAS THE BEST MOVIE I'VE SEEN IN AGES!
I DIDN'T GET IT.
© BAGGE
—HUH?
WHAT DIDN'T YOU GET?
THE ENTIRE MOVIE!
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT!
YOU MEAN YOU WERE SITTING THERE SCRATCHING YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE WHOLE THING?
WELL... YEAH!
HA!
LIKE, WAS KEANU REEVES DREAMING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MOVIE, OR WAS THE REST OF IT A DREAM?
AND HOW WERE THEY ABLE TO SQUEEZE THEIR BODIES THROUGH THE PHONE LINES?
OH, BROTHER!
WHERE DO I BEGIN...
BURGERS · FRIES



LOOK, IN A SENSE YOU COULD SAY THE BEGINNING WAS A DREAM...
BUT, PEOPLE GOT KILLED IN THAT PART! SO HOW COULD IT BE A DREAM?
DON'T BOTHER EXPLAINING IT TO HIM, JAMES...
THREE BEERS, BARKEEP!
IT'S NOT SO MUCH A "DREAM" AS IT IS A STATE OF MANUFACTURED REALITY, SEE?
MANUFACTURED BY WHOM?
BY ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE!
YOU KNOW—THE MACHINES!
BUT, WHAT MACHINES? I DIDN'T SEE ANY MACHINES!
THAT'S BECAUSE THE ENTIRE PLANET HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THEM!
IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD HAD BECOME ONE GIANT MACHINE, SEE?
I SUPPOSE...
BUT THEN, WHO WHERE THOSE ANDROID DUDES? I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE BAD GUYS!
THEY'RE JUST AGENTS—
—SENT BY THE MACHINES TO KEEP THE HUMANS UNDER CONTROL!
GET IT?
I THINK I DO...
...BUT I STILL DON'T GET HOW THEY TRAVELLED THROUGH THE PHONE LINES...
OY VEY!
I GIVE UP!

LET'S JUST FORGET IT, JOHNNY, OKAY?
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER UNDER-STAND IT.
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT...
SCIENCE FICTION WAS NEVER MY THING, ANYWAY...
I HAD A GOOD TIME, THOUGH, EVEN IF THE FLICK DID GO OVER MY HEAD..
AND THANKS FOR THE BEER, YOU GUYS!
DON'T MENTION IT!
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MOVIE! I'M SURE A LOT OF PEOPLE DIDN'T GET IT..:
..(AND IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THEY DON'T—RIGHT, AGENT XRL7?)
(CORRECT, AGENT GLV2!
BUD
MACY'S
THE FEWER HUMANOIDS WHO COMPREHEND WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON, THE FEWER WE MUST DESTROY!
END!

PETER BAGGE FOLLOWS THE QUIXOTIC PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF AMERICA'S WOULD-BE MORAL SAVIOR!

Even I was only vaguely aware of who this former UN ambassador and two-time senate candidate (he lost both times) is when Suck asked me to write about him! So for those of you who are still in the dark: Alan Keyes is an uncompromising Conservative in every way: a strong advocate of "smaller government" and the abolition of the Income Tax (which sounds like fun to me), as well as a deeply religious Catholic who opposes gay rights, advocates school prayer, and the overturning of Roe v. Wade (the party pooper!).

Keyes is also a very passionate and articulate public speaker, so if you're planning on debating him on the issues you're gonna have to do a lot better than simply calling him a "party pooper"!

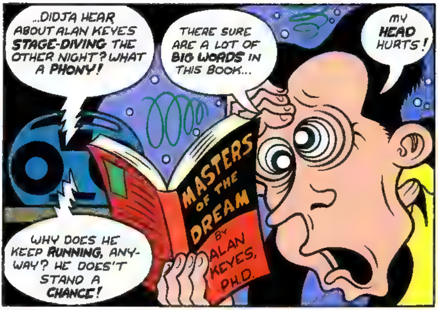
While my editor tried to nail down a time and place where I might meet up with Keyes, I did my best to study up on the man, preparing myself for a one-on-one with the man, feeling way out of my league the whole time. I was struck by how clear and persuasive Keyes is when it comes to defending all of his positions, yet rather than confront him on any of them the mainstream media would lazily write him off as some kind of a "nut" — when they bothered to mention him at all, that is.

The most air time he ever received was when he dove into a mosh pit at some "youth rally" staged on his behalf. This somehow suggested that he was a hypocrite (Thou shalt not MOSH?), as well as a lunatic — along with his routine no-chance-in hell candidacies for the Senate and the White House. The latter always signifies Delusions of Grandeur in most people's eyes; like he's one step away from parading around the nut-house grounds with a Napoleon outfit on.

Abortion is the subject that Keyes and his followers are the most passionate about, and is the driving force behind his not-too-shabby fund-raising efforts. Unlike most Republicans, who claim to

be "morally opposed" to abortion but will allow for it in cases of rape or incest or when it's your own daughter, Keyes views abortion as MURDER, plain and simple.

Therefore, even if some homeless woman is raped by her retarded Uncle Charlie, she STILL ought to give birth to that baby, since that fetus is an INNOCENT LIFE, and entitled to as much right to live as you or I. Sounds harsh, but if you truly believe abortion IS murder, how can you possibly argue against him? You can't, which is a big reason why the mainstream G.O.P. would like him to go away. They're trying to get ELECTED, dammit!



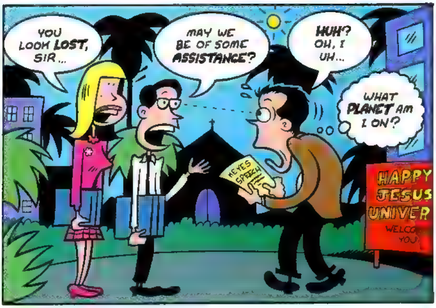
The Sucksters finally got ahold of Keyes's Southern California itinerary a week before that state's primary election, and after a red-eye flight from hell (thanks a lot, Priceline) I was soon on the campaign trail!

This alleged itinerary led me to places I'd NEVER visit otherwise — country clubs, Christian universities, radical right fund-raisers, etc. — all populated with super-polite, squeaky clean "Stepford Humans." I felt like I was in an episode of THE TWILIGHT ZONE, although I really can't complain about how super POLITE everyone is in this world. It's very seductive and... well, cult-like!

Being that rare mix of African-American and REPUBLICAN, Alan Keyes's supporters are a curious bunch as well: One fund-raiser for a state assembly candidate in the San Fernando Valley had a very curious turn-out: bolo-tied "cowboy" millionaires and zit-faced Young Republicans rubbed elbows with Negro "church ladies" and frustrated government bureaucrats to form a small yet potentially potent new COALITION...

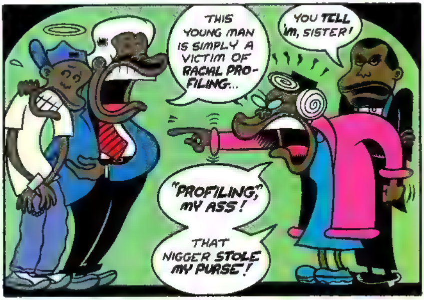
These "Keyesters" agree with Keyes 100% on EVERYTHING, with abortion being the biggest rallying point. They ALL view it as the moral equivalent of slavery, and having a BLACK MAN as well-spoken as Keyes drive home this point is all that was needed to bring this odd group together.

Most people's knee-jerk reaction would say the latter, since he disagrees with liberal democrats (and by extension, most self-described "black leaders") on just about everything — such as that lat-



est big bugaboo: "racial profiling," over which Keyes tries to draw a distinction between bigotry and a policeman being allowed to rely on his "judgment and experience." He also criticizes black liberals for "mollycoddling" young black offenders, whom he looks upon as a "disgrace to their race." It's no wonder so few young blacks are rallying around Keyes's cause. He's, like, SQUARESVILLE, man!

Statements like these also make Keyes a threat to anyone who feels that Black America must present a unified front to avoid being divided and conquered by the "enemy" (i.e.: the white majority). Yet many African Americans ARE just as conservative as Keyes is, and Keyes himself hardly suffers from denial over the unbelievable amount of crap that blacks still have to put up with on a daily basis. He even lambasts his own G.O.P. for its long-standing indifference to Black voters, although he despises the Democrats even more (and by extension most established "Black Leaders") for selling out to the Federal Government, who in his eyes has become the new "Massah."



Keyes is critical of the status quo in general, which means he has a bone to pick with EVERYBODY.

Alan Keyes is convinced that THE MEDIA is responsible for his measly 5% or less voter support in the primaries. He claims that the "The Media" (primarily the 3 major TV networks, as well as the WASHINGTON POST and the NY TIMES) doesn't know how to deal with the notion of a Black Conservative. Yet rather than to symbolically "lynch" him like they did to Clarence Thomas, their new M.O. is to simply pretend he isn't there.

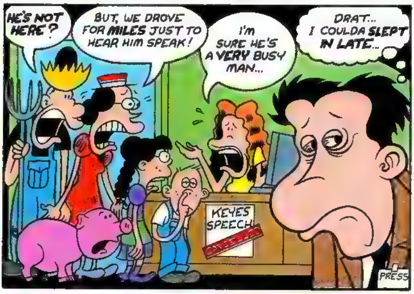
As a case in point, the NY TIMES even ran a picture of the Republican candidates during a televised debate, yet Keyes was somehow missing from the picture — even though he was SITTING IN THE MIDDLE of the other two. Talk about your Soviet-style journalism! No wonder he's so paranoid!

Is Keyes doing poorly BECAUSE of "The Media," or are they ignoring him because of his lack of support? This is what I was eager to find out when I attended the first couple of several speaking engagements he had scheduled in Southern California,

yet he was a no-show at both of them do to a flight delay. I was the only journalist at both of these events (or, as it turned out, NON-events), which served as PROOF of the media black-out theory that his supporters so firmly believe in.

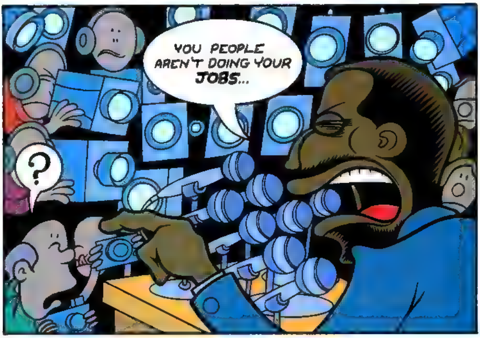
Everyone present was clearly disappointed by Keyes's absence, although one fund-raiser went on without him. While the speeches wore on, one of Keyes's supporters, an Arizonan named Jim Phillips, told me an unbelievable story about how FOX CableNews wouldn't allow Matt Drudge to show a videotape of a 21-week-old fetus reaching out and grabbing a doctor's hand during surgery on his cable new show, so he quit the show! Matt Drudge: Mr. Integrity. Who knew?!?

This same supporter also told me that the one major network reporter who was assigned to cover the Keyes campaign was so swayed by Keyes's oratory skills that he gave up his "pro-choice" stance and is now an ardent pro-lifer! When asked if this was why the network reassigned him only two months into the campaign, the supporter just shrugged and said "I wouldn't be surprised..."



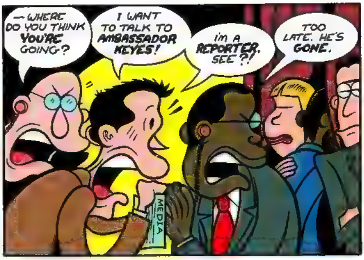
However, after Keyes backed out of a scheduled speech at Claremont-McKenna College the very next morning (no reason given), I began to wonder if ABC yanked their man because he didn't have anything to cover! Still, I was more than eager to meet this "great persuader" and give him the fair shake that he was seemingly being deprived of.

I finally had a chance to see the mysterious Keyes face to face at a televised debate held in the L.A. Times building on March 2nd. In a hilarious strategic blunder, Senator McCain decided he would only take part "via satellite." As a result he came off like a psychotic Max Headroom, with his hair-raising lies and half-baked accusations bursting out of a TV set placed on a stool next to his two flesh and blood opponents. What an asshole!



McCain's physical absence only contributed to the indifference that permeated the half-empty Media Room, where the only thing the reporters were excited about was the catered food that isn't always

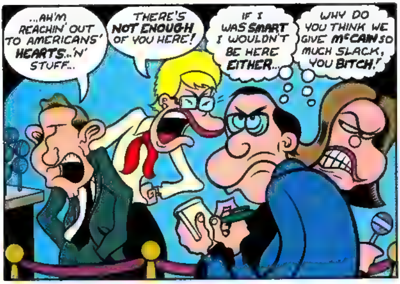
provided for them. Some of the younger journalists didn't even LISTEN to the debate — they just talked amongst themselves about CHICKS and SNOWBOARDING through the entire thing! Can't say I blame them, since this debate was a NON-news event if ever I saw one, what with Governor George W. Bush being the inevitable nominee before it even started... Pass the mustard, please!



After the debate, Keyes came out and approached the podium in the Media Room — the Belly of the Beast! He looked straight into an ocean of TV cameras and lectured everyone present for not doing their job of getting his message out to the American People. Then, after fielding a few questions from the media powerhouses who had the prime spots reserved for themselves right in front of him, he angrily turned and left, ignoring the people in the peanut gallery such as myself.

Why did he leave so abruptly? How often does a presidential candidate — or ANYONE — have that many TV cameras pointed right at him? Was he not getting enough questions from the "right" news organizations? Was THAT his problem? I guess so!

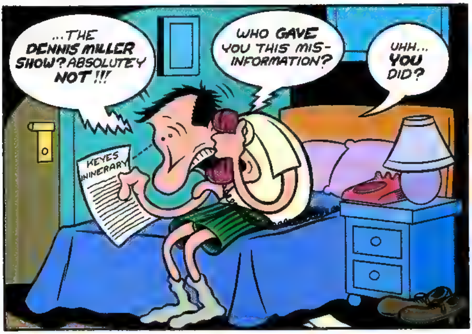
Not wanting to blow what I was beginning to suspect would be my only chance to speak with him, I ran after Keyes and almost caught up with him at the VIP exit door, but some goon stopped me long enough to prevent me from getting in his face.

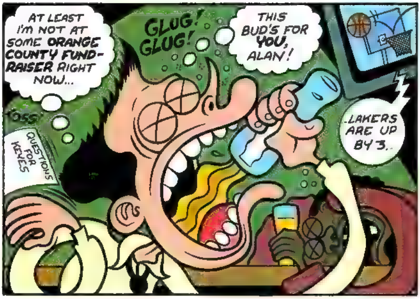


My one opportunity to speak to the man evaporated in an instant as I saw him quickly disappear behind a curtained door. I cursed myself for my apparent lack of reporter savvy, but what was I supposed to do, TACKLE him? All that would do is get me arrested!

I stuck around long enough to see the future nominee and possible future president George W. Bush make his entrance, and was stuck by what an arrogant little prick he is. This guy can barely string a coherent sentence together, yet it has been ordained that he'd run for the highest office in the land long before he was even born (as is the case with that other "little prince," Al Gore). It's like The Emperor's New Clothes: just surround him with a bunch of smart guys to cover his ass, and pray no one will notice that he's retarded...

Keyes routinely made mincemeat out of his opponents in every debate, but it didn't matter in the slightest. The horse race is what this is all about, as much as we all like to tell ourselves otherwise. Plus few Americans, let alone Republicans, SHARE Keyes's morally unyielding views — five percent, to be exact — which is a hard cold fact that he refuses to accept. We WANT some pragmatic, pliable weasel like Gore, Clinton, Bush Jr. or Bush Sr. for president. We RELATE to morally vague





bullshit artists. THEY'RE the ones who reach out to our short-sighted, self-serving, greedy little hearts!

To avoid any more wild goose chases, I reluctantly called Keyes's difficult press secretary, Connie Hair (a former movie producer who claims to have been "summoned by God" to work for Keyes, though she still comes across like a Bat out of Hollywood Hell) to confirm the rest of his itinerary. Good thing I did, since she barked out that he will be making NO MORE appearances in Southern California — including a scheduled appearance on DENNIS MILLER LIVE — before announcing that they were leaving "this God Forsaken State" as soon as possible. Click!

Okay, so at least I was spared from having to sit through a taping of Dennis Miller, but I was still taken aback by her arrogance. Bush's people had REASON to be cocky: they were WINNING! What does SHE have to be all huffy about Is this any way for a marginal candidate to run for President?!?

I called my editor at SUCK to tell him how he wasted his money on flying me down here. Even follow-up attempts on his part for a phone interview were answered with silence. Keyes was obviously ignoring us for the same reason the mainsteam press ignores him: We can't deliver the NUMBERS, baby!

I then devoted the rest of my time in LA to hanging out and getting drunk. As I sat in some dive bar I thought about how I was expecting to engage the Great Dr. Keyes on "the issues" — but all I saw was a grown man having a hissy fit because the rest of the country doesn't hate abortion as much as he does, so he took his ball and went home. Now I'll NEVER find out what his favorite TV show is! *Sob!*

This is political reporting at its FINEST, folks!

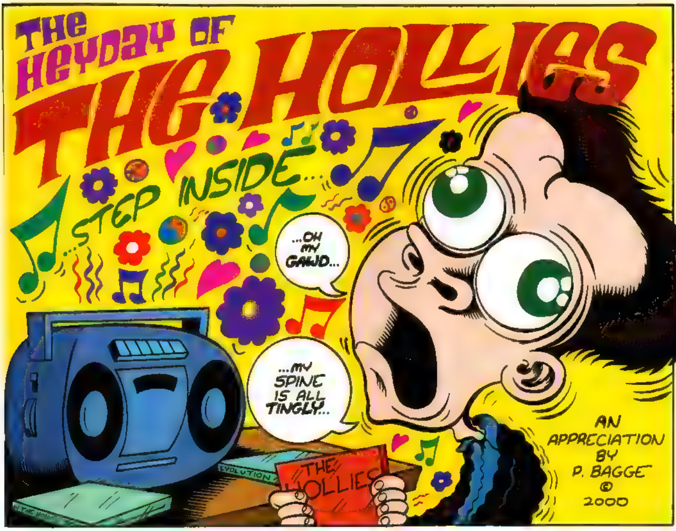
Oh well, what does it matter? If this guy ever gets "off message" for even a single second it sure wouldn't be when I'm in the room. Besides, Keyes knows he has no chance of becoming president. He's a "message candidate": a latter-day Billy Sunday who's assigned himself the role of America's Moral Barometer. He's looking for CONVERTS, not voters. He plays this role to the absolute hilt, so that even if he fails in his stated goal of pulling the Republican platform farther to the right, he's surely drummed up a lot of speaking engagements for himself as a result of this campaign.

He plays his role so well, in fact, that he's turned himself into a 2-dimensional character in order to make himself more "packagable" to the media he claims to despise. He should be GLAD of his meager 5% of the vote, since it lends him just the right amount of influence and credibility, but not TOO much. If he was actually WINNING in the primaries the press would tear him to pieces, and there's no way a man as prideful as Keyes could deal with that. He'd go beserk!

So count your blessings, Alan Keyes. You've enjoyed more than your allotted 15 minutes of fame already — now go out and get yourself a REAL job!

THE END

(Thanks to: Eric Reynolds, Rhea Patton and Joanne Bagge! — PB)



By the time I entered High School in 1971 I was already a huge rock music fan and avid record collector. As the '70s progressed, however, I grew increasingly disappointed in the bulk of the new material being by both new acts and most of my old favorites, and as a result I found myself reaching back to the music of the previous decade, which I found vastly more exciting and preferable to the new stuff. I know that those of you who weren't there at the time are probably sick of hearing it, but the sad fact is that compared to the late '60s, the pop culture of the early '70s was truly dreadful. I was an and still am an underaged '60s snob!

I particularly loved the '60s output of such British acts as the Who, the Kinks and especially The Beatles. It was rather easy to find all of these band's back catalogs in any suburban department store even as late as 1975, although there were some lesser-known "British Invasion" bands whose output was by then permanently out of print, save for an occasional slapped-together Greatest Hits package.

One such band was The Hollies, about whom all I knew at the time was that Graham Nash of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young was once a member. They also still had an occasional Top 10 hit in the early '70s, but each one of these songs sounded way too flabby and mainstream for my taste, so I had little interest in pursuing their earlier work at first. But soon I'd occasionally catch an earlier Hollies song on the then-new all oldies radio stations that never failed to grab my attention, and Graham Nash's impossibly high voice on them was unmistakable. I began to wonder if they had something going on in the old days that was worth looking into.

Aside from their more recent and uninspired fare, however, the only thing I could dig up from The Hollies' Nash-era was a rather skimpy 10 song "Greatest Hits" LP, which aside from a song list was completely devoid of any information. That record remained the ONLY collection of early Hollies songs I'd stumble across for years! Still — and in spite of what I now know are its glaring omissions — I was completely BLOWN AWAY by that record. I'm a big sucker for high vocal harmonies, and the singing on these songs were just about the best I'd ever heard. I played that thing

to death, but in my naiveté I assumed that this had to be the best the Old Hollies had to offer. Why would the rest of their output be so long out of print otherwise?

Well, the rest of their 1960s output recently HAS been released on CD. And after buying all of it, I discovered the musical crime of the century: these long out-of-print LPs are INCREDIBLE! In fact, after the Beatles and the Beach Boys I'd say they were the best singing group of their era — and it took me 30 YEARS to find this out!!!

The story of the Hollies' origins is almost a carbon copy of that of their slightly older peers the Beatles: founders and lead singers Allan Clarke and Graham Nash meet in grade school in the Merseyside city of Manchester; they share a passion for American rockabilly and R&B music; they start out playing skiffle music at church dances and so on and so forth. With the later addition of two first-rate musicians, guitarist Tony Hicks and drummer Bobby Elliot, in 1962 (the quintessential Hollies line-up wasn't complete until bassist/keyboardist Bernie Calvert joined in 1966), they became one of the hottest rock and roll acts in Northern England. They eventually were "discovered" by their future long-time producer Ron Richards, who signed them to the same UK label that the Beatles were on, Parlophone.

Their earliest LPs mostly consisted of covers of their favorite American standards, with a few originals thrown in that were heavily inspired by the Beatles. As a result, they sounded so much like the Beatles at the time that John Lennon accused them of being RIP-OFFS. Well, they WERE Beatle rip-offs, but who WASN'T back in 1964? Besides, their backgrounds and musical influences were so similar to the Fab Four's that they would have had to make a conscious effort NOT to sound like them. In fact, they were BETTER than the Beatles in some respects: their harmonies were smoother, tighter and prettier; and their playing was far more lively and danceable, thanks mainly to Elliot's amazing drumming skills. The Hollies

of 1963-'65 were simply a top-notch "beat band": they were excellent singers and musicians who sang and played with incredible energy and enthusiasm. In short, they ROCKED!

As was the case with most of their contemporaries, by 1965 -'66 their music quickly became more sophisticated and folkier sounding, and they began to use acoustic guitars on their rhythm tracks almost exclusively from this point on. Yet in spite of this musical "maturation" their records were still BURSTING with power and energy, with the pumped-up vocal tracks always sounding like their heads were about to come flying out of your speakers at any moment. You can tell these guys flat-out LOVED to sing. They were BORN to sing! Allan Clarke was an excellent lead singer, who belted out every line with sheer conviction. The rather nasally, chipmunk-high quality of his voice belies the fact that this scrawny little guy had an incredibly STRONG voice as well. He was a male version of Brenda Lee!

In sharp contrast to Clarke's voice was Nash's own sweet yet rough-around-the-edges singing voice. When he sings lead his voice sounds very fragile, like he's barely going to make it to the next note, even though he always does. Yet when he joins Clarke in two-part harmony (or in three-parts when Hicks joins in) his voicetakes off like a rocket ship,hitting notes that no grown man has ever hit before with-

out breaking into a falsetto, and becoming in its own way just as dominating as Clarke's. This sugar-and-spice, sweet-and-tart combination of these two men's singing voices are above all else what make these early Hollies records so unique and timeless.

By 1966-'67 Clarke, Hicks and Nash had also become an accomplished songwriting team and were now doing almost all original material. Prior to their self-penned smash hit "Stop Stop Stop" all of their A-sides were songs they acquired from other song-writers' demos. Many of these "store-bought" songs were classics, of course (especially the ones written by future 10CC band member Graham Gould-man), and there's nothing wrong with a great band performing someone else's brilliant compositions. But their own com- positions were soon

as good as anyone else's and starting with the release of the LP "For Certain Because" in late 1966 they began a prolific 18 month stretch where they recording their own stuff exclusively. Their next LP, 1967's EVOLUTION, is not only their finest record ever, but also one of my favorite LPs of all time (even though I'd never heard it until a few months ago!). This was followed up in the same year by the even more ambitious BUTTERFLY, which is also a strong album , although they occasionally over-reach themselves on it in the experimental/ psychedelia dept, just as almost everyone else was by late 1967.

These three LPs — coupled with the many single releases that continued to come out right up to Nash's departure in '68 — represent The Hollies at their creative peak. Their unique harmonies and overall sound had reached a level of celestial perfection that has rarely been matched since, either by themselves or by anyone else. Music just doesn't get any better than what the Hollies were producing in 1967.

While they were a huge success in England and parts of Europe right from the start, their records had always gotten poor distribution and little airplay in America up until this time. The fact that they didn't even tour the States until 1966 may have had a lot to do with this, although it was on one of these tours that marked the beginning of the end of the Hollies' "golden age." Couple this with the usual ego-battles and "musical differences" that happen within any band, and the writing was clearly written on the wall that something was about to give.

The official shorthand version of why Graham Nash left the Hollies was his opposition over the idea of the Hollies doing a Bob Dylan tribute LP. Not that he had anything against Dylan — and this LP was just a one-shot project anyway — but why the change in direction now that they were on a role with their own compositions? Plus the idea of covering other people's songs was never completely ruled out by the other Hollies — Tony Hicks in particular, who still made it a habit off sifting through the piles of demo tapes that litter music publisher's offices in search of hidden treasure — but was brought to a head with the failure of the avant-garde "King Midas in Reverse" to crack the UK top twenty, which was a first for the band. Why "Midas" was ever an A-side is a mystery to begin with, since while it was an impressively ambitious song with complex harmonies, it was hardly catchy toe-tapping radio fare by anyone's definition. But its fate was enough for guitarist Tony Hicks to push for a return of recording "store-bought" surefire hits that the did so well by earlier in their career.

It's hard to find a "bad guy" in this scenario, since Hicks' instincts in this regard were quite sound: he already had demo tapes of songs like "Sorry Susanne" and their future monster smash "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother" burning a hole in his pocket at the time things were coming to a head with Nash. To him the Hollies were first and foremost a singles band, and not the pretentious "art rock" band that Nash wanted them to be. But who could argue with Nash's point that they had evolved an aesthetic all their own with their self-penned compositions? Not to mention the lifetime of royalty returns they'd earn from their own songs? (Nash was and is by all accounts a notoriously sharp businessman).

Artistic differences aside, however, the die had been cast with their trips to the States, and to LA in particular. Graham Nash simply FELL IN LOVE with the place and the musicians he met there. He knew that this is where the grass was truly greener, while his bandmates were hopelessly tied to their homeland (the Hollies still tour the UK relentlessly, though they rarely travel as far as IRELAND, let alone North America). Everyone knew he was States-bound sooner or later. It was all just a matter of when.

While Hicks and Nash may have had professional differences, no apparent animosity seems to have ever existed between them. The same could not be said for Allan Clarke, however, who took Nash's departure very personally. For one thing, Clarke simply couldn't imagine the Hollies without his childhood friend in it. Nash has a singing voice that is totally unique, and

trying to find someone who could duplicate it would be an impossible task. But he also was quite competitive with his old pal, and was wary over who would wind up more successful in the long run. Thus, the almost immediate hype over the formation of Crosby, Stills and Nash must have had his neck hairs standing on end.

Still, the Hollies' initial resentment should have been quickly allayed when they wound up having their biggest hits ever soon afterwards — including their first #1 song in AMERICA, ironically. Their new Nash-less recordings still featured Allan's excellent lead vocals, who could sell a song as well as anyone, and their harmonies still were very solid. But

without Graham's voice there was something missing — that "something" being a sound that was truly amazing, and that would never be heard from again.

The OLD Hollies sound was as alive on the debut Crosby, Stills and Nash LP as on the post-Nash Hollies records that followed, since as with his old band Nash's

high harmony is what made CS&N's sound so distinctive. Plus CS&N were all about group singing, whereas the Hollies started to focus more on Clarke's lead vocals than ever before (one of their biggest hits, "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress," doesn't have any harmony or back-up vocals at all, and thus sounds very UN-Hollies-like). The New Hollies still sounded somewhat like their old selves for a few years, and produced some fine recordings during this time. But as the boring old '70s wore on the Hollies grew boring along with it, sounding more and more bloated and MOR as the years went on. Blame it on the times, or the tragic toll that aging seems to always take on a musician's vitality. But whatever the reasons were, The Hollies just went from bad to worse, resulting in the crowd-pleasing but irrelevant oldies revue band that they are today.

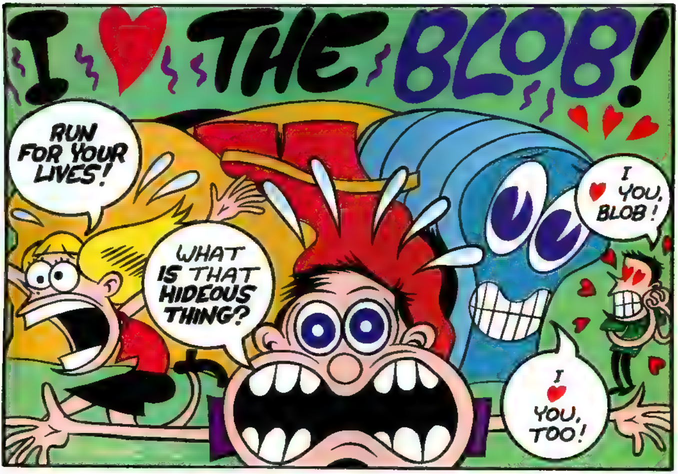
The same thing goes for CS&N (and sometimes Y), who certainly started out with a bang, both commercially and creatively, but also went rapidly down hill from there. While The Hollies are one of the most underrated bands of all time, CS&N are definitely one of the most OVERRATED. Sure, they sing well together, but they never sounded as "magical" as their press always made their harmonies out to be. And that hype is still very much alive today: all the press-releases and write-ups of their most recent CD and tour mention how "important" this band is, both musically and CULTURALLY; how they embody the "Spirit of the Woodstock Generation;" how they contributed to ending the Vietnam War, and are now fighting to end Global Warming and Animal Cruelty and every other leftist showbiz baby-boomer "cause." These guys are SO full of themselves, and Graham Nash is the WORST when it comes to evaluating their own societal importance. In short, he has become a pompous ASS.

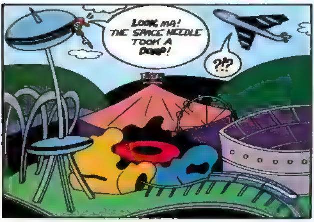
Crosby, Stills and Nash quickly came to personify the listless, hippie-fied, cocaine-drenched Southern California-based "rock" music that wound up dominating radio by the mid-'70s, and which was the very thing the early Punk Movement was rebelling against. Yet rather than retiring gracefully, economics dictate that they still reform once every few years, to grimly remind us all what a waste of talent Steven Stills' life has been, although this time they have the critics' darling Neil Young along to lend them some much-needed (if undeserved) air of relevancy... And don't even get me started on that celebrity sperm-donor David Crosby! This grotesquely overweight gun-toting ex-convict and recovery posterboy has got to be the luckiest "pop star" that ever lived. His singing voice is utterly unremarkable, and his own compositions are unlistenable slop, yet Graham Nash has chosen to dedicate the last 30 years of his life to being not only this pathetic pig's main musical partner, but his "enabler" as well. While the Hollies may be guilty of "going Vegas" with their music, Nash is guilty of "going Hollywood" in every way imaginable. Some "art hero"!

Meanwhile, it's like pulling teeth to get Graham Nash to say anything nice about his TRUE musical soulmate, Allan Clarke, and Clarke remains equally petty. When pressed on the subject of their past partnership both of them tread lightly, taking care to give the other his due. But it's very easy to read between the lines and sense a lot of bitterness and animosity, even 30 years later. They also both downplay what they did together in comparison to what they did separately, as if the huge commercial success they both achieved since they split up is proof that they were better off apart. While there's no accounting for taste (and these two have exhibited very little of it since 1969), all I can say is that whatever it is that makes these two guys resent each other so much I wish they'd GET OVER IT!

Oh well, what does it matter. A half-hearted reunion attempt in the early '80s produced uninspired results anyway, so there may have been no hope for them even if they had remained together. All good things must come to an end, and theirs is a classic example. And in spite of all my critical comments above regarding the eventual career choices of Messrs. Clarke, Hicks and Nash, I still owe them a huge debt of gratitude, since The Hollies of the '60s produced more FANTASTIC recordings than just about any act I could think of. More than I can HANDLE, in fact — how can I get any work done with all these great new/old Hollies CDs sitting right next to my desk?!? I CAN'T STOP PLAYING THESE GODDAMN THINGS!!!

THE END

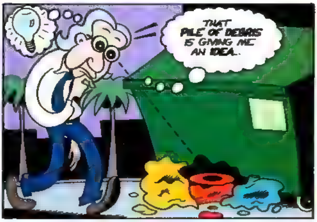




For those of you who may not know, The "EMP" is the controversial new $240 Million Dollar Rock Museum/Fun House, paid for entirely out of computer software billionaire Paul Allen's very deep pockets, and situated directly under Seattle's other architectural anomaly, The Space Needle.

Yet in spite of its anything-goes setting, this latest addition to The Emerald City's ever-changing landscape has been the source of much controversy amongst the locals and beyond — and this heated debate has as much to do with WHAT IT IS and WHO PAID FOR IT as it does with The EMP's insane appearance.

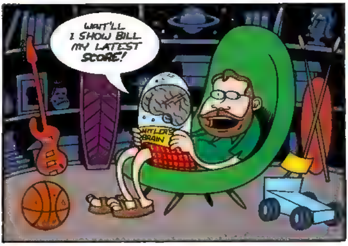
The idea behind what is now known as The Experience Music Project started life 10 years ago as nothing more than a simple memorial to legendary rock guitarist and Seattle native Jimi Hendrix. But this brainchild of Paul Allen's (who is a fanatical Hendrix fan) quickly began to snowball from there and never stopped snowballing. Before long this simple "memorial" was supposed to represent not just Hendrix but ALL of rock history; then of musical "creativity" in general, and of NORTHWEST rock and creativity in particular. Whew!



When Allen and his sister Jodi Patton (his co-chairperson of the EMP) recruited the services of madman octogenarian architect Frank Gehry — who is to building design what George Barris is to auto design — with this tall order, their most specific requirement was that he make it look "swoopy." Hey, no problem!

Forced into early retirement due to the onset of Hodgkin's Disease (he's since recovered), Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen has spent the last decade and a half in search of both things to do and stuff to spend his ever-ballooning wealth on. While contributing to the usual gaggle of worthwhile charities and foundations, this middle-aged bachelor also likes to squander his disposable income the same way everyone else in this nation of arrested adolescents do: On COOL STUFF.

Yet while us "poor people" decorate our mantelpieces with such modest geegaws as Little Kiddles and autographed baseballs, Allen collects slightly higher priced items, like

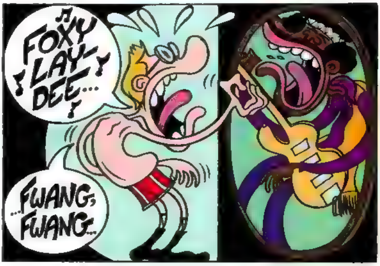


SPORTS FRANCHISES and FULLY FURNISHED, STATE OF THE ART LEAR JETS that take him to and from his 30 room "condos" in New York and Paris. Just reading about all the stuff he OWNS is enough to make a commie out of anyone, but if any of you eBay Hounds out there claim you'd spend your money any differently if you were worth $20 billion I have news for you: You're LYING.

Remember that movie "The Revenge of the Nerds"? Well, the nerds got a lot more than simple "revenge" since that movie came out. Paul Allen and his ilk now OWN ALL of our asses. The mere fact that women now refer to Bill Gates as a "hottie" and actally mean it is proof positive that it's now a Nerd's World, and that the rest of us are just paying rent.

Yet in spite of this world domination, Paul Allen still betrays that classic white nerd insecurity with that totally creepy BLIND WORSHIP of Jimi Hendrix; a passion that has always afflicted far too many men my age — men who are the late guitarist's EXACT OPPOSITE in every way imaginable, if you get my drift. It's like a massive case of MALE PENIS ENVY.

I hate Jimi Hendrix. Not that I disagree with his fans' claims of his originality, imagination, performing skills, etc., all of which I readily acknowledge. But the guy sang like he had a mouth full of marbles, and his whole hippie-dippie voodoo-love god sexual persona always made me cringe with embarrassment for him. Plus I don't like "heavy blues" in general. I like my rock to bubble and fizz. I'll take The Beatles over "The Stones," The Archies over "Led Zep" — and I'll gladly take even BRITNEY SPEARS over that squawking hag Janis Joplin any ol' day of the week.



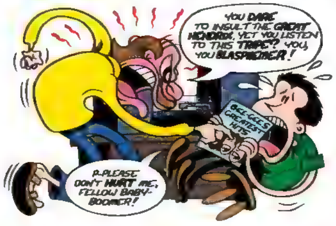
I'm mentioning this just so you know that my positive comments about the EMP aren't due to my worshipping at the same exact altar as Paul Allen — let alone Jan Wenner, Oliver Stone or anyone else who remembers what the '60s were REALLY all about, *ma-an.*

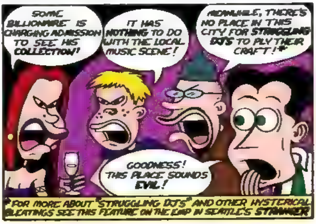
One month before its official grand opening, a local paper invited me to take part in a preview tour of the still-very-much-under-construction EMP with a hand full of other "creative types," in order for me to write a comic about it in an upcoming special supplement. The folks who hired me made no bones about their hoping — ASSUMING — that I would savage the place...

I assumed I'd be savaging the place too, since everything I had heard about the EMP up until then was ALL BAD: that is was an obscene waste of money; a monument to one man's ego; and most of all, that it was ugly Ugly UGLY.

Once I saw the EMP close up with my own eyes I realized they were right: it WAS ugly. Ugly in a way that was AWE-INSPIRING. Ugly like Divine was "ugly," like Rat Fink is "ugly." In other words, I thought it was BEAUTIFUL, in its own loud, garish, can't-take-your-eyes-off-of-it way.

The engineers and curators who conducted the tour were understandably proud of and excited about their work, yet the other journalists and musicians in the tour group





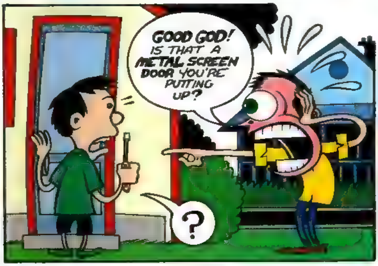
(with a few exceptions) seemed awfully guarded in any enthusiasm they might have felt for the place. Either they truly did not like what they saw, or felt duty-bound to keep their mouths shut.

I hate modern architecture. Just about everything built after WW2 seems cold and impersonal to me, and not fit for human habitation. That's why I chose to live in a "old-fashioned" house, in a relatively "old-fashioned" neighborhood. I have a cow if I see a neighbor daring to put ALUMINUM SIDING on their home!

Still, my feeling is if you're gonna "go modern" you might as well go NUTS. None of this boring steel-and-glass rectangle bullshit. If it's gonna be an eyesore then make it an EYESORE.

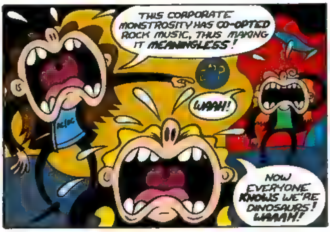
(I come from a long line of eyesore-makers, btw: my uncle designed those hideous arch-roofed ShopRite stores that infested the entire East Coast in the '70s, and my grandfather designed the exit ramps on the Taconic Parkway, the country's first "modern" highway. Just two reasons as to why the Bagge Family owes the State of New York a huge apology.)

The night of the opening party featured more of the same studied ambivalence: lots of invitees who wouldn't have missed it for anything insisting that they were considering NOT going minutes beforehand; lots of eye-rolling by the faux-Luddites in attendance over the many state-of-the-art hightech gizmos; mouths stuffed full of Paul Allen's food and booze mumbling bitterly about the shortcomings of the Hip-Hop and Riot Grrl exhibits. Several people commented that it's WAY TOO SOON for the latter: that The Riot Grrl Movement isn't "dead" yet, or hasn't been dead long enough for the glass case treatment. What would they propose, I wondered — that the EMP tear that exhibit down?

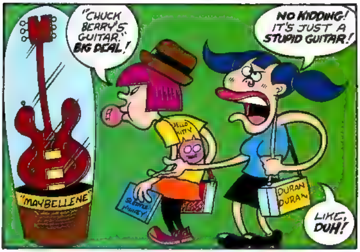


Personally, I was amazed that there was a Hip Hop or Riot Grrl exhibit AT ALL. Not that I'm against it — on the contrary, I thought it showed great foresight. Plus you KNOW that if either exhibits didn't exist those same naysayers would be calling the place sexist and racist. And while I'm no expert on either subject, I didn't notice any "shortcomings." All I saw was tons of STUFF. What was missing? The Fat Boys' underwear? A picture of your sister's band? The one that lasted for 3 weeks? And if there really IS some glaring omisions, I suppose the museum could always ADD them eventually, couldn't they?

It's always painful to watch an art form become institutionalized, since it seems to suggest (usually correctly) that the art form in question is no longer particularly vital or relevant to today's society — that it's a DEAD art form, to put it bluntly. This is particularly painful to diehard rock music fans, since for the last four decades Rock has always billed itself as being all about "youth" and "rebellion." It's supposed to be AGAINST institutionalization!



Unfortunately, all the poor shmucks who bought into this youth-and-rebellion hype have painted themselves into a corner. How can you be AGAINST the EMP in principle yet feel outraged that none of your favorite bands' fliers are in it?



In 1955 rock 'n' roll was exciting and new. It was shocking, and it freaked out the old folks. Now it's 45 years old and doesn't freak out anybody. And so what? Seeing Chuck Berry's guitar hanging on a wall doesn't mean his music sucks now, or has been rendered meaningless. All it means was that the music he made in his youth meant a whole hell of a lot to a hell of a lot of people. His guitar symbolizes the gigantic, COLOSSAL influence he's had on not just America's but the WORLD'S cultural history. Yet this display is considered a tragedy to some, a joke to others. Why? What crime was committed? What mistake was made?

Okay, let's say you don't like Chuck Berry, or you're just plain old sick of his music. I'm sick of the Mona Lisa, but doesn't mean it should be taken out of the Louvre, or hidden away in some billionaire's PRIVATE collection. And comparing some rock musician's guitar to a master painting isn't as ridiculous as it sounds, either. At one time the Mona Lisa was just a painting. Would you prefer that reminders of Chuck Berry's music — or whatever music meant the world to you when YOU were 16 years old — should just be discarded? If so, then what's that Partridge Family lunch box doing on YOUR mantelpiece? And how much did say you paid for it? THAT MUCH?!? Jee-zus.

EMP detractors make a huge issue of Paul Allen's wealth as a way of distancing themselves from him; that he's not One Of Us; that he's a NON-HUMAN with evil intentions. Yet in every interview I've read or seen with him he strikes me as a basically thoughtful and well-meaning guy. A shocking thing to say about a billionaire, I know, but sometimes the truth hurts!

For one thing, he and his sister have been very aware of all the conflicts that are inherent in a "rock museum" from day one, and they continue to try to address these conflicts. It remains to be seen whether all their lofty goals will pan out in the end, but ya gotta give 'em credit for trying to pull off a concept that no one's even CONCIEVED of before. *So cut 'em some slack, ya crybabies!*

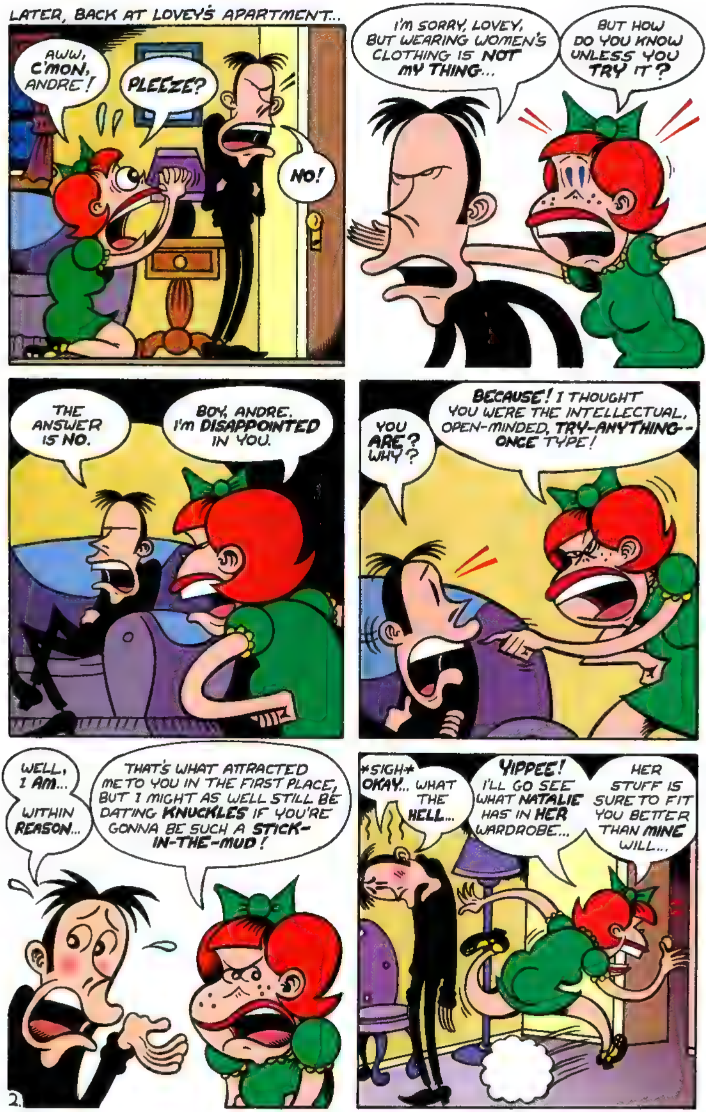
It's very easy to make fun of the EMP. For one thing, anything designed by Frank Gehry DEFIES you to mock it. Plus its high-tech interactive "Sound Lab" is just a playpen for grown-ups, while the "Funk Ride" is pure Disneyland nonsense. But the "Sound Lab" is a BLAST! And who could possibly resist a "Funk Ride"? Who can resist NONSENSE?

Rock & Roll is nonsense. People STILL make fun of Elvis — not to mention Punk Rock, Disco, Rap, (and in my case) HENDRIX. As well they should! I've always LOVED The Beatles, but I still can't get over their stupid dutchboy haircuts. Like the EMP, the 1964 version of the Beatles were DESIGNED for ridicule. It's the quickest way to get attention, and the most effective way to piss off the squares.

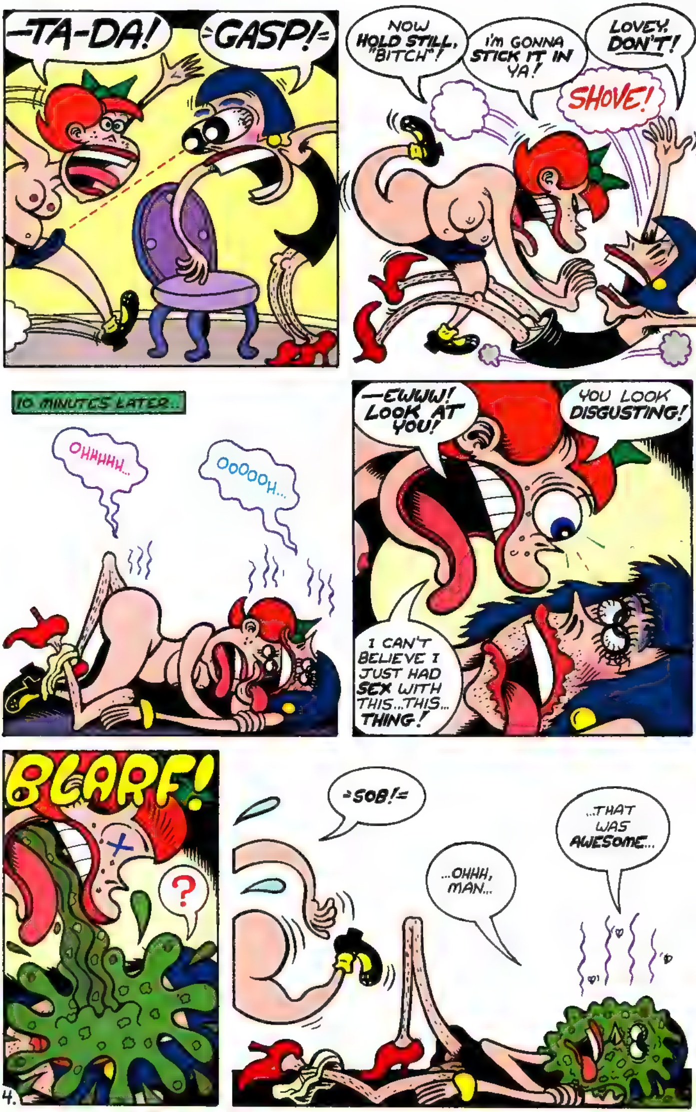
Rock & Roll, Comics, Baseball, B Movies, Bikinis, Hot Rods, and now the ludicrous EMP. The best things in life are DUMB.

THE END

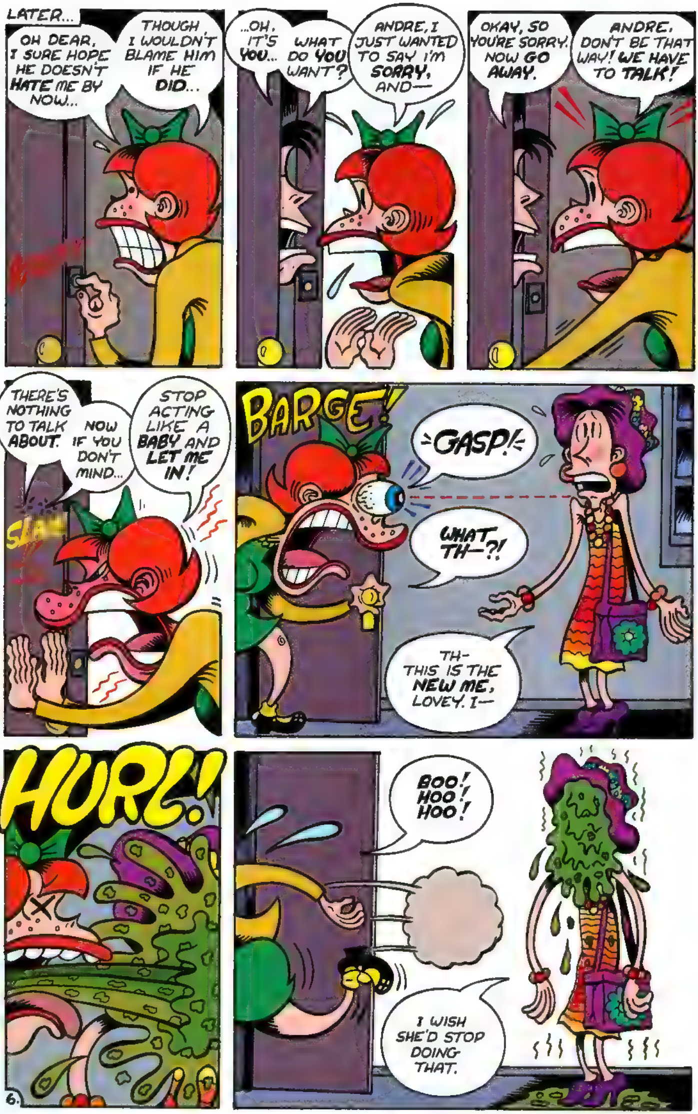
HERE'S LOVEY! in
©2000 BY P. BAGGE
LOVEY
ANDRE
NATALIE
KNUCKLES
♪ HI, ♪ LOVEY!
?
OH, HI, SUZI!
HAVE YOU MET MY NEW BOY-FRIEND CHAD YET?
HE'S THE LEAD SINGER OF "THE VOODOO SEX BABIES"!
HEY!
GASP! THE VOODOO SEX BABIES?
I LOVE YOUR BAND!
I LOVE IT WHEN YOU SING THAT SONG "KILL ALL BABIES" WHILE WEARING NOTHING BUT A PAIR OF DIAPERS AND A MATERNITY BRA!
OH YEAH, HEH-HEH. ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH, RIGHT?
A "LAUGH"? I THINK IT'S HOT!
YES, WELL, WE REALLY OUGHT TO BE GOING, LOVEY...
I'LL TALK TO YA LATER, OKAY?
NICE MEETING YOU...
BYE...
OH GHOD, HE'S SO SEXY...
I WISH I HAD A CROSS-DRESSING GLAM-ROCK BOYFRIEND!
GRRRR!
NO FAIR!


LATER, BACK AT LOVEY'S APARTMENT...
AWW, C'MON, ANDRE!
PLEEZE?
NO!
I'M SORRY, LOVEY, BUT WEARING WOMEN'S CLOTHING IS NOT MY THING...
BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW UNLESS YOU TRY IT?
THE ANSWER IS NO.
BOY, ANDRE. I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.
YOU ARE? WHY?
BECAUSE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE INTELLECTUAL, OPEN-MINDED, TRY-ANYTHING-ONCE TYPE!
WELL, I AM...
WITHIN REASON...
THAT'S WHAT ATTRACTED ME TO YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE, BUT I MIGHT AS WELL STILL BE DATING KNUCKLES IF YOU'RE GONNA BE SUCH A STICK-IN-THE-MUD!
SIGH OKAY... WHAT THE HELL...
YIPPEE! I'LL GO SEE WHAT NATALIE HAS IN HER WARDROBE...
HER STUFF IS SURE TO FIT YOU BETTER THAN MINE WILL...

AND SO...
OH, BAY-BEE!
HUBBA HUBBA!
I FEEL LIKE SUCH A FOOL...
NOW HOLD STILL WHILE I GIVE YOU A MAKEOVER...
NO! NO MAKE-UP!
STOP WHINING AND DO AS I SAY!
THIS IS SO DE-GRADING...
...THERE! ALL DONE! DON'T YOU LOOK LOVELY?
EEEK! PUT THAT MIRROR AWAY!
SERIOUSLY, ANDRÉ! YOU LOOK HOT!
SEE FOR YOURSELF!
...SAY... I DON'T LOOK HALF BAD AT THAT...
DON'T YOU MOVE...
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
...WOW! WHO WOULDA THOUGHT?
I MUST SAY, YOU DID A GOOD JOB, LOVEY...
LOVEY?
WHERE'D YOU GO?


-TA-DA!
=GASP!=
NOW HOLD STILL, "BITCH"!
I'M GONNA STICK IT IN YA!
LOVEY, DON'T!
SHOVE!
10 MINUTES LATER...
OHHHHH...
OOOOOH...
—EWWW! LOOK AT YOU!
YOU LOOK DISGUSTING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST HAD SEX WITH THIS...THIS... THING!
BLARF!
?
=SOB!=
...OHHH, MAN...
...THAT WAS AWESOME...

THE NEXT DAY...
I'M GONNA BECOME A NUN! *SOB!*
OH LOVEY, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS...
...BESIDES, I THOUGHT THE MAIN REASON YOU MOVED TO THE BIG CITY WAS TO TRY NEW EXPERIENCES!
I DID, BUT THIS WAS A DISGUSTING EXPERIENCE!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING!
SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW? MOVE BACK HOME, MARRY YOUR EX AND BECOME A "CHURCH LADY"?
OF COURSE NOT!
BUT UGH, THAT LOOK ON ANDRE'S FACE... YUCK!
WELL, IF YOU ASK ME YOU ACTED VERY UNCOOL...
R-REALLY? BUT—
I MEAN, THINK OF HOW ANDRE MUST FEEL RIGHT NOW...
I'LL BET HE'S VERY CONFUSED AND HURT...
MY GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT! POOR ANDRE!
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE NEVER SPOKE TO YOU AGAIN...
GASP! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
I HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO HIM RIGHT AWAY!


LATER...
OH DEAR, I SURE HOPE HE DOESN'T HATE ME BY NOW...
THOUGH I WOULDN'T BLAME HIM IF HE DID...
...OH, IT'S YOU...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ANDRE, I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M SORRY, AND—
OKAY, SO YOU'RE SORRY. NOW GO AWAY.
ANDRE, DON'T BE THAT WAY! WE HAVE TO TALK!
THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT.
NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND...
STOP ACTING LIKE A BABY AND LET ME IN!
BARGE!
GASP!
WHAT TH—?!
TH- THIS IS THE NEW ME, LOVEY. I—
HURL!
BOO! HOO! HOO!
I WISH SHE'D STOP DOING THAT.

THE NEXT DAY...
GOSH, LOVEY, I'M REALLY THRILLED THAT YOU WANT TO HANG OUT WITH ME AGAIN!
THIS IS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, HUH?
YEAH, YEAH, WHAT-EVER...
I MEAN, I WAS BEGININNING TO WONDER IF YOU THOUGHT I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YA...
D-DON'T BE SILLY, KNUCKLES!
I'M SERIOUS! IT WAS LIKE YOU WERE EMBARRASSED TO BE SEEN WITH ME OR SOMETHING...
(SHHH! NOT SO LOUD!)
(LISTEN, KNUCKLES, ALL I WANT RIGHT NOW IS FOR YOU TO, YOU KNOW, DO ME LIKE YOU USED TO DO, OKAY?
OH? OH! WELL, SURE! OKAY!
JUST LEAD THE WAY! HE-YUCK!
?
!
OH, HI, YOU GUYS!
SOMEBODY CLOSE THE DOOR! I FEEL A DRAFT!
END

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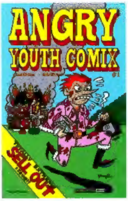
edit

A few words about some of the material printed in this magazine:

"Infomercial Oscars," "Alan Keyes" and "I ❤ the Blob" all originally appeared on the website SUCK (www.suck.com). The Blob and the Keyes piece were inked by Eric Reynolds, and both Keyes and the Infomercial piece were computer colored by Rhea Patton. Much thanks to Joey Anuff and Tim Cavanaugh for asking me to cover such diverse and bizarre events (well, the political events are just plain ol' depressing, but everywhere else they've sent me so far has been pretty eye-opening experiences. A rare and unique opportunity, to say the least! SUCK is an excellent site, too. Check it out if you haven't already...

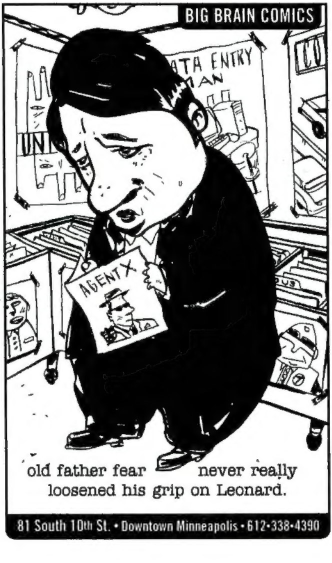
About that Matrix strip... Some guy asked me to do a strip for THE MATRIX's web site (www.whatisthematrix.com), and seeing how the pay was decent and I had nothing better to do at the time I agreed. Only problem was, I had no ideas for it, so I asked fellow cartoonist Johnny Ryan to help come up with an idea for me. Johnny not only is one of the funniest guys in the universe, but he's also one of the dopiest, because after he watched the movie all he could say was "I didn't get it." I mean, he didn't understand the movie AT ALL, and that in and of itself gave me an idea — I'll just make fun of Johnny Ryan! So that's Johnny himself in the strip, with myself and my movie-buff neighbor James as the "bad guys." Brilliant, huh? (BTW: This strip was also inked by Eric R., and computer colored by Rhea P,).

The Hollies strip was done for a pop music site called mpop3.com. Hats off to Aaron Spade.

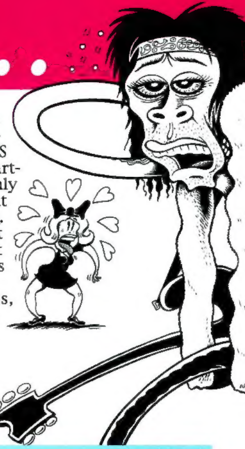


That reminds me: Buy the first issue of Johnny's ANGRY YOUTH COMIX ($2.95, Fantagraphics) if you haven't already. It's terrific.

The full-page illos were done for the Spanish version of GQ, of all things. Anyone who can correctly translate that Sports/TV drawing wins a



orial...



pretzel (and no, I can't speak or read Spanish. I just like to pretend that I can). Thanks muchly to Raphael Benitez.

Thanks, as always, to Gary & Kim & Eric & Rhea. Superheroes all! And a big thumbs up to Fantagraphics art director Carrie Whitney for trying to make all this web material print-worthy (which was a lot trickier than I thought it would be). Also much thanks to Icebox.com's John Collier, as well as to The-Nicest-Guy-In-Showbiz-Though-That's-Not-Saying-Much Dana Gould. And let three hearty cheers ring out for Jeff Voris, the man responsible for that awesome website www.petebagge.com! Woo-hoo! (CALLING ALL FINE-ARTS INVESTORS: Jeff also has started an alternative comics-only original art website at www.thecomicscollective.com. The list of artists is a bit limited at the moment, but he intends to expand it as time goes by)...

Thanks for reading this, the first issue of the HATE ANNUAL. Look for more issues, uh... annually!

— Peter Bagge
Seattle, WA
Dec. 12 '00

HATE ANNUAL #1, February, 2001. Entire contents copyright © 2000 by Peter Bagge. All art and stories by Peter Bagge (unless otherwise noted). Color by Joanne Bagge, Peter Bagge and Rhea Patton. Edited by Kim Thompson. Production by Carrie Whitney. Published by Gary Groth and Kim Thompson. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without permission from Fantagraphics Books or Peter Bagge. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in HATE ANNUAL and those of any living or dead persons is intended and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, except for journalistic pieces and the one where Pete makes cruel fun of his friend. First printing: January, 2001. Available from the publisher for $4.75 postpaid: Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115.

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TREASURE CHEST OF SUCK

ESSAYS

Have you heard the good news? So have we, and we're sick and tired of it. Tune in to Suck.com Mondays and Tuesdays for heart-warming screeds on our collective cultural failure. Same thing Fridays, but with more silly little drawings than usual.

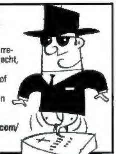
HIT AND RUNS

Why author a dissertation when you can say it all in a few sentences? A fine question, we think, and one we confront each and every Thursday, when we expound upon four or five pop culture fiascos in that many paragraphs. Savor brevity. Not just in Hit and Runs, but wherever you might find it.

MISS AMERICAN TRAGEDY!

From Confederate cranks to drooling shoe fetishists to Donny and Marie, Peter Bagge meets the Pageant's most pathetic runners-up.
http://www.suck.com/pageant

SLAPSTICK TRACES



Suck Hollywood correspondent Bertolt Blecht, the Professor of Pratfalls, the Ph.D. of Punchlines, brings you the lowdown on the professional Comedy Game.
http://www.suck.com/laffology

THE FISH

While it's generally rude to eavesdrop on other peoples' conversations, we recommend doing so daily at the Fish. Marvel at the articulate, thoughtful reader mail! Shake your head at our knee-jerk responses! Remember – it's daily, and we need the hits!
http://www.suck.com/fish/

INDY 2000!

VROOOM!

Let's get this straight, the Indy 500 is not NASCAR. The 500 is the crown jewel of American racing. Figuring the average Suck reader knows next to nothing about professional auto racing, we thought, "Who better than two stellar know-nothings like Peter Bagge and Bertolt Blecht to play our race card at the 2000 Indianapolis 500?"
http://www.suck.com/indy500/

THE SMOKING GUN

When the last Web server is reduced to mobile-home aluminum siding, the only tangible evidence of that wacky Internet craze will be landfills made up entirely of branded stickers, hats, PR knickknacks, and edible goods. In 2020, Suck.com-branded retro-fashion is bound to be the most hilariously misunderstood. Stock up now. Shop at The Smoking Gun.

http://www.suck.com/gun/

SUCK GOES TO WAR

Who said politics flows from the end of a rifle barrel? We'd like to pin a medal on his chest! Pfc. Ambrose Beers, Suck's man in the US Army, delivers black humor in uniform, and single-handedly makes the world a more dangerous place.
http://www.suck.com/war

6 FT. TALL

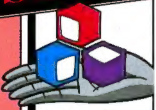
PETER BAGGE ON POLITICS

Now that you've met Alan Keyes, you've probably guessed that it gets worse from there. Peter Bagge brings his special brand of bi-partisan rancor to the national conventions, the local ward battles, the whole horror show of American politics.
http://www.suck.com/bagge

THE BARREL

If you really loved us, you'd take a two-week vacation and read everything we've ever written in chronological order, starting with our first columns from August 1995 on the way-lame web up through future column on technologies, like Smellevision and Bee-mail, that haven't even been invented yet.
http://www.suck.com/barrel/

PLASTIC



You weren't born hip, and you never really became hip, but there's still some hope for you to get hip quick by checking in at Plastic a few thousand times a day. Think of it as the news and discussion site for people who hate news and discussion sites.
http://www.plastic.com

SUCK T-SHIRT

When looking in a mirror, you will notice that the word "SUCK" appears backwards. Don't be alarmed, this is just an illusion created by the reflection. If this is disorienting, a second mirror can be employed to reflect the reflection and correct this problem. US$15 (mirrors not included.)
http://www.suck.com/gun

FILLER

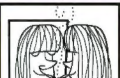
What is this thing we call "Filler?"
It runs Wednesdays.
It has cartoons. Lots of cartoons.
Many people claim it's "funny" and the "only thing worth reading on Suck anymore." That's because they're "illiterate."

SEARCH

Hilarious Scientific Principle Really Works

How long can you hold a grudge? Why not get it out of your system? Search on the people, companies, and subjects you loathe to love with the SuckProbe. Who knows, we may have already articulated your rage.
http://www.suck.com/search/

ALTCULTURE



You say "alternative" has lost its bite? Why not wipe clean those old, shameful memories of septum piercings, Lollapalooza tickets, and tribal tattoos with new, shameful memories of WTO protests, Lars von Trier, and the Onion. Either way, if you plan on boring your grandchildren with this shit tomorrow, you'd best start studying up now.
http://www.altculture.com

FEED

If you're so grown up, why do you keep staying in stoned on Saturday nights, wondering between frag sessions how Quake III: Tournament is altering our social expectations of community space? Next time the future's got you in a contemplative mood, put down your Graffix and contemplate the issues with the big kids.
http://www.feedmag.com/

Suck.com San Francisco, CA

Serve me the Web pages listed below. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may regret any part of my visit after 10 days Free Trial.

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